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The People's Press.

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Poetry.

HARVEST HOME.

“THE TEARS OF SOWING—THE REAPER'S JOY.”

See! gilding the field with glory,
The harvest waves in the wind!
Shall we forget the story
Of all that lies behind?
How the frozen clods were broken,
And the sower sowed in tears,
The sweat of his brow the token
Of these waving golden ears?
Or how in the summer hours
The noon-sun scorched it through?
Let us teach our souls the lesson
We learn from the golden grain—
How life's most precious blessing
Is won through years of pain.
Our chilled, hard heart's first broken,
And the first seed sown in tears,
Sorrow and pain the token
Of peace in the after years,
When the soil, all steep'd in showers,
And damp'd with the chilling dew,
And when in the summer hours
The noon-sun has scorched it through,
Then cometh the careful master,
Who hath knowledge of our need,
The loving, unweary Master,
Who sow'd and nourish'd the seed;
And hearts all ripe for His coming,
Forget the years that are flown,
When He bids His angel reapers
Gather His harvest home.

Select Miscellany.

WILL SEAFORD'S FORTUNE.

Old Dave Barrett, rare old Dave, the prince of good messmates and able seamen, rolling his quid like a sweet morsel under his tongue, was “yarning it” in the fore-cabin of the whaler, Neptune. Dave was a sailor every inch. His rough face, rolling gait, and delicious sea-tongue, were all of the sea-salty. Brave old rover! When the Great Book is opened, and the good deeds are read, may the good over-balance the evil in his account, that he may enter the “Sailor's Snug Haven,” there to ride at anchor through the long, eternal day.

“Come about me, mates,” he said, “for I'm a mind to tell you how Will Seaford found his fortune. I knowed him well, mates—no man better, and he was a man and a messmate to the very backbone. It would have done you good to see that face on deck, when they piped all hands aloft in a storm. It always did me good to see him out there on the weather-earring, working away as cheerfully as if he had solid ground beneath his feet, rather than a foot-board, while the sea boiled below, and the great rollers leaped up eager to tear him from his hold. He was as handsome a young chap as you would wish to see, with black, curling hair, black eyes, cheeks as rosy as a girl's, and mighty muscles! I often thought he had no right at sea, and was born to better things; but he loved it. Mates, when you see a smile on a man's face in hours of danger, then make up your mind that you've got a good man to stand by when danger threatens.

“Our old man was a good captain. Taint often you sail under a better one than old Jack Vanner, of the *Arctothusa*. We had been two years on the whaling grounds, and were coming home full to the hatches; and, on the way back, we stopped at Honolulu for sea stores. When the last load had come on board, the old man went ashore in his gig, and when he came back he had a passenger in the stern sheets, the neatest little clipper these eyes ever seen—his darter—she was a beauty, boys! We sailors may be rough and ready, but we love the name of woman, or we are no true sailors. Will Seaford was pulling the stroke oar in the captain's gig, and his eyes were fixed upon her face in a mute, adoring way. I knew his billet had come. It was rough in a foremast Jack to think of falling head over ears in love with a girl like that—the captain's darter, too; but he done it. She seemed to like his looks, too, and when we went the whip'd down to get her up the side, Will was the one to help her into it, and tell her what to do.

“Her uncle had been United States consul at Honolulu, and was going home in a month or so, and she wanted to go back with her father. I don't go much on consuls, mates; they don't give a foremast hand any show, as a general thing, and I know one man I'd like to knock into the shape of a slush lump some fine day, and that's the consul at Honolulu now; I wish he was condemned to sail forever in a ‘lime-juicer’ and eat ship biscuit and ‘salt horse’ to all eternity. But Milly Vanner's uncle was a good man; he couldn't have her father's blood in his veins and be very bad. We sailed next day and headed for the Cape, and I never seen a gal take to the sea as Milly did. All day long sit on the fore-cabin, in the shadow of the sail, or else on the quarter-deck, looking out for sails and watching for the wonders of the deep. Dolphins, porpoises and sword-fish in the sea; albatrosses, Mother Carey's chickens and gulls in the sky—everything pleased her. And Will used to watch her, whether steering his trick at the wheel, or working in the tops, until I boned him about it.

“I've knowed you now nigh onto two years, Will Seaford,” I says, “and I didn't know you was a cussed fool until this blessed mornin'. What d'ye look at that gal for?”

“He blushed up to the eyes but did not speak.

“A fore the mast Jack—a able seaman at best—that dars to look at the captain's darter in that way, ought to be kicked from the starn post to the fligger head of the old *Arctothusa*. I wouldn't speak this way, Will, only I love you and don't want to see you making a fool of yourself.”

“I suppose I am a fool, old Dave,” he says, “or such a mutton-head as you never would have found it out. So you don't think I'm good enough to look at the captain's daughter?”

“You may be good enough in my opinion and in the opinion of the rest of the crew, but these captins aint in the habit of marryin' their darters to a chap that has dipped his hand in a slush bucket.”

“He laughed, and went on with his work, and one night after the old man had turned in, and Will ought to have been in his hammock, I saw her standing with him by the lee rail, with her head mighty close to his. I were mad I tell you, but it aint in me to peach on a messmate, no matter what he does, and I went forward, thinking what a fearful keel-hauling Will would get if the old man should come on deck, and I felt some one brush by me, and there was the old man close beside them. The gal gave a little scream, and Will drew himself up and looked like a king, while the captain opened his mouth and kinder swore a little. And when old man Vanner let himself loose, he could make a dead calm at sea by swearing. It took all the wind for his breath, and made things smell of sulphur.

“Go below,” he said, shaking his fist under Will's nose. “I'll teach you to sneak up on deck in this way, you—swab!”

“Don't say anything you may have cause to repent, Captain Vanner,” said Will, coolly. “I was going to speak to you to-morrow, and tell you I loved your daughter, and wished to make her my wife.”

“I don't wonder that Captain Vanner could not speak, but just stood and glared at the boy as if he would eat him. The cool impudence of the whole thing drove him half mad, and he could only point toward the fore-cabin.”

“I'll go below, if you wish it,” said Will. “Milly, don't speak a word until we run into port, and then I will explain.”

“Crash! The signal was upon us. The sticks came down about our ears, and a great sea swept the deck. Every man, even the lookout, had been so busy watching the muss that they did not see the squall creeping up, and it took us by surprise. The old man grabbed a life line and roared to the man at the wheel to let her go before the wind, and we righted, coming up out of the foam with clean swept decks. But as we looked, neither Will Seaford nor Milly were anywhere to be seen. The terrible sea which had come aboard had swept them away, and we lay in boiling water, making little way, with the weight of the top lamper hanging over the mizen sail.

“Captain Vanner was a man and a sailor, and his first thought was to cut away the dragging wreck, and save all the lives he could.—Then, for nearly half an hour we ran before the squall, when it ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and we had beaten up towards the spot where Will Seaford and Milly were lost. All night long we cruised about, sounding a fog horn, firing guns and then waiting for the hail which we hoped might come. Morning came and found us near the place where the sea was covered with the stuff from the deck. The captain came to me with a glass in his hand.

“‘Dave,’ he said, his rough lips quivering, ‘go aloft and look. If they are gone I shall never forgive myself, for had I been attending to my duty this could never have happened.’”

“I took the glass and ran up into the foretop. Three times I changed the elevation of the glass and swept the sea. As I began the fourth round I saw a black spot tossing on the waves, four or five miles away, just off the lee bow, and hailed the deck. The order was given and we headed for the black spot. Nearer and nearer we came, and I could see that it was one of the spare topmasts which we kept stowed on deck, with something on it. Nearer yet! At least one human being was clinging to that spar, and as I looked a hand was lifted and waved in the air. On we went! The ship seemed to creep, and yet she was going ten knots. Ten minutes later we backed our top-sails and a boat went down from the davits, and what a cheer went up when Will Seaford and Milly were found clinging to the spar. He had lashed her firmly with a rope which he grasped as he went overboard after her, and all through that weary night he had cheered her with words of comfort, until he saw the *Arctothusa* bearing down under sail.

“Milly was sent to her berth, but he was none the worse for it. That night he had a long talk with the old man in the cabin, and the captain came on deck with him next morning, and piped all hands to muster.

“My men,” he said, “I have to introduce to you Mr. Willis Seaton, the son of the owner of this craft, who has shipped himself under false colors. Your messmate, Will Seaford, is no more.”

“How we cheered him and what a time of shaking hands we had. He had shipped for the love of adventure, and by doing it had found his fortune. Of course he married Milly; for what was sheer impudence in a foremast Jack was very gratifying in Willis Seaton, the son of the richest man in New Bedford. He'd have given me a ship long ago only I aint fool enough to take it. Eight bells! Time to turn in.”

The last report of the Bureau of Statistics shows that during the past year the commerce of the country met that requirement of the political economist which is held to be necessary to a sound prosperity—our exports exceeded our imports. For the year ending June 30, 1874, the foreign imports, less foreign exports, were \$572,080,010, while the domestic exports reduced to gold value, were \$629,252,156—an excess of \$57,171,246, or almost exactly 10 per cent. About 60,000,000 of the exports were specie and bullion, which is above \$13,000,000 less than last year; while of the net imports, \$21,534,187 were gold and silver, leaving a net drain of the precious metals of \$39,175,499, against one, last year, of \$63,227,637, a gain, if we so regard it, of \$25,052,138, or more than 40 per cent. Compared with the fiscal year of 1873, these figures show a remarkable change. The imports have decreased \$63,386,726, while the exports, gold value, have increased \$49,686,829, making a net difference of \$113,073,555. The great articles of import in which there was the greatest falling off during 1864, were iron and steel, wool and woollens, silk, linen, lead, tin, tobacco and watches.—*Wm. Journal.*

A Correction.

Correspondence of the Christian Weekly.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., SEPT. 29, 1874.

MR. EDITOR:—As one who has for four years been a resident of New Orleans, and was in the city through all the stirring events of the 14th and 15th instant, I desire to point out certain grave errors in facts as well as the order of events as found in the article on the “Louisiana Revolution,” in the *Weekly* of the 26th ult. For the general correctness of that article both as to facts and their deductions therefrom, I can vouch; but in the following extract some most vital mistakes are discoverable, while the actual order in the succession of events is strangely inverted. You say:

“It is certain that the best men in the State hoped by a fair and honest election to secure a change of administration. It is equally certain that the worst men in the State meant to get control by either fair means or foul, and by intimidating the negroes to make the Louisiana government a white man's government. They organized in secret White Leagues. Then began the importation of arms and the process of intimidation. The Kellogg Legislature retaliated by giving the Governor power to appoint all registers of election throughout the State, and the registers power to strike names of voters from the lists. The Governor followed up their action by seizing the imported arms in the custom-house.”

That “the hopes of the best men of the State,” which you rightly say were “by a fair election to secure a change of administration” were most sadly disappointed, the action of the Kellogg Legislature, (most correctly so-called), which you afterwards quote, very plainly shows. That “the worst men of the State” organized in secret White Leagues is far from true. This city is the influential centre of the White League of Louisiana, and as I am personally acquainted with General F. N. Ogden, who commanded the citizen troops when attacked by Kellogg's Metropolitan as well as many others of the leaders among the different branches of the League here, I can assert most positively, that it numbers among its members many of the very best of our citizens and none of the very worst of our population.

Again, it is not a secret organization at all. It never has had nor does it now have any purpose of intimidation towards the negro, which is most convincingly proven by the fact that no negro, save one among the policemen who made the attack on the 14th inst., was injured or even threatened with violence in all the excitement of that sudden and wonderful uprising. There was no White League in existence, that I ever heard of, at the date of the adjournment of the last Legislature, so there could be no retaliation by that body. The Governor never seized any arms in the customhouse. How could he? He seized one lot as they were being carried in a furniture-wagon through the street, another in the store of a gun merchant of this city, and threatened to seize another load which had arrived by a New York steamer consigned to a private individual, and to protect the landing of which the members of the White League were marching, when without any order to lay down arms or disperse, or any reading of a riot act, or, in short, any preliminary warning whatever, they were fired upon by the Metropolitan police under command of General Longstreet. All the fighting occurred after three o'clock of Monday, and not Tuesday as you state.

Thus you see that your presentation of the Louisiana question is not entirely just. The most serious error, however, is that which you share with very many others among even the non-partisan journals of the North in regard to the objects and aims of the White League. All hope of influencing the negro to vote against the thieving carpet-baggers had been perforce abandoned, and the only remedy left seemed to lie in a firm union of all the white men. It was anticipated that as cannon and musketry were called in to inaugurate the Kellogg government in 1872, a show of force at least might be needed to secure the rights of all white men in 1874, and, therefore, many of the best (not worst by any means) citizens of this State acted upon a literal understanding of the motto, “forwarned is forearmed,” and organized the “White League.” Such brutal, dastardly outrages as the Coushatta massacre indicate nothing as to the character of this organization, but merely show the lawless condition of society in the rural districts of this State. There, too, the negro was left unharmed and a cowardly revenge was wreaked only on the whites, though the first man killed was a native white man, Mr. Dickson, and he was shot by a negro.

In the revolution of the 14th inst., one of the first of the White Leaguers killed was an ex-federal officer, a personal acquaintance of the writer, and in the organization at the present time there are very many of like antecedents.

AN EX-UT. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

We are very glad to give place to the above letter, and to record the corrections it contains. We believe that the result, if not the deliberate purpose of much that is published in the partisan press, is to keep the North and South apart. We wish them to know each other; because our confident faith is that the best men of each section sincerely and heartily desire the true progress and prosperity of both sections, and need only to know each other, in order to find a common ground of sympathy, if not of opinion.

We are glad to be assured that the White Leagues are not a secret organization. We are confident, however, that they are organized on erroneous basis. If, as another correspondent assures us is the case, there are any Black Leagues, they are equally essentially wrong. Any organization founded on race, color, birth, or nationality, in this country, is not in consonance with the spirit of our institutions. The success of all such organizations will be as short-lived as the analogous Native-American Societies in the North, not many years ago. Form as many “Good Government Leagues” as possible; but so organize them that they may be black or white, Northern or Southern, Protestant or Romanist, Native-American, Irish, German, or Chinese, may join, provided he comes to consecrate his best energies to rid the State of fraud and corruption, and to restore, establish and maintain a genuine popular form of government, honest, faithful, equal, free, in the State and its parishes.

Our correspondent may rest assured that we abhor all plans, whencesoever they originate, for putting the people of any State, or any part of the people, under a despotism, that we long to see established and maintained in that State, and in every Southern State, a truly free government of the people, by the people, for the people, a government that shall adequately protect the rights of liberty, life, and the pursuit of happiness of all the citizens, and shall afford them the opportunity to develop, without let or hindrance, without fear of despotism or anarchy, without foreign interference or domestic disturbances, the resources of a State, which, in our judgment, is destined to become one of the richest in the Union. The only interference in Louisiana affairs which we desire to see, on the part of the General Government, is, first, whatever protection may be necessary to secure a fair election by the people of the State, without fear or fraud, and second, such a clearance of the Mississippi river as shall make New Orleans, as it ought to be, the commercial metropolis of the Southwest.

Smuggling Diamonds.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, in an article on smuggling, relates the following story:—“There is a very important traffic carried on in diamonds over the various European lines to this country, and as the duty upon them is ten per cent, *ad valorem* the sharpest watch is kept upon those suspected to be engaged in it. By means of agents abroad the Collector's office has often information, by cable, of the departure from the various ports of suspected diamond smugglers, and is prepared to intercept them. In nine cases out of ten, the stones are concealed upon the persons of the passengers. When this becomes a certainty, or what is supposed to be a certainty, the passenger is arrested and taken to the Searcher's Bureau in the Customhouse. Here, if found necessary, the party is stripped to the skin, and his clothes examined inch by inch and seam by seam; the heels are combed, and every means taken to discover the hiding place of the secreted treasures. Once this mode of search used to be tolerably successful, but now it rarely serves any purpose except in the case of raw recruits to the smuggling ranks. An old bird is caught with chaff but once.

“A New York Jew, who was reputed to be in the business of smuggling diamonds, used to cross the water on the Cunard line from three to four times a season. Two years ago in the early part of the season, he was seized upon his arrival and taken to the searcher's room. Nearly a thousand dollars' worth of precious stones were found secreted in the lining of his boots. He returned to Liverpool by the same steamer, and four weeks afterward again landed upon the Company's wharf on North river. He was again arrested and subjected to the same search, and with similar success. The Jew took it smilingly and philosophically. When he took his leave he said, ‘Better luck next time, gentlemen. I shall go back by the same steamer on business, and when I return you can try it again.’”

The officers mentally determined if he did they would try it again. Upon inquiry it was found that he had really engaged a return passage, having held his stateroom for that purpose. Two hours before the sailing of the steamer he was driven down to the pier in his carriage, his wife and daughter with him to see him off. When they returned they carried with them over ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds which had lain secreted in his state room during the whole time that the steamer had remained in port. Before his return to New York the collector was notified by one of the revenue agents abroad that “Max Fischer would return by —, which would leave Liverpool, October 25th, with several thousand dollars worth of diamonds.” In due time the Jew arrived, and for the third time was escorted before the searcher. He was evidently nervous and agitated, and finally attempted to compromise. He was politely informed that that was out of the question. He was again put through the searching process. His pocket-book, which was first investigated, revealed a memorandum showing the purchase of eighteen diamonds of various sizes and prices, amounting in all to about \$12,000. When this came to light the Jew begged with tears to compromise. A deaf ear was turned to his entreaties. His coat was removed and the lining examined. Nothing there. Then the waistcoat. As the searcher passed his practiced fingers along the lining his heart gave a tremendous thump as he recognized the ‘feel’ of something pebbly, like little rows of buttons. The garment was hastily ripped, a strip of chamois skin withdrawn and unrolled, and there they lay, one, two, three—eighteen! All there. ‘You may put on your coat and waistcoat again, Mr. Fischer,’ said the searcher blandly. ‘Good day!’

Without a word the Jew departed, took a horse car home, kissed his family, ate a rousing supper, repaired to the bath room, and after soaking a rather capacious plaster across the small of his back for a few moments in warm water, peeled it off, and with it eighteen diamonds of various costs and prices. What the searcher and collector may have said or thought when they found their seizure to be nothing but clever imitations, worth from ten to thirty cents each, nobody knows; for although the seizure was loudly heralded, the *finale* was never made public. A lady in New York city, moving in fashionable circles, wears a valuable diamond which was imported in the cavity of a double tooth, said tooth being in the mouth of an Israelitish gentleman of New York. It was placed in its rather unromantic hiding place in London, and safely covered with bone filling which was displaced after its arrival in New York.

The assessed value of the real estate in New York city, as equalized by the State assessors, is \$612,700,047. A. T. Stewart's wholesale dry goods establishment is assessed at \$850,000, retail establishment \$1,150,000, and the Stewart mansion \$600,000 the whole paying a tax of \$72,000. The assessed value of the Grand Central depot is \$1,500,000; Hudson River depot, \$1,500,000; Eupatite Life Insurance building, \$1,100,000; Druxel & Co's banking house, \$1,000,000; Fifth Avenue Hotel, \$1,000,000; Booth's Theatre, \$400,000; Methodist Book Concern, \$475,000; Western Union Telegraph building, \$420,000.

A Story of General Jackson.

Many are the interesting scenes of Jackson's life which his biographer, Parton, has omitted and not brought to light. When a boy, said Judge J. C. Gould, in a recent address, I saw him scare and put to flight twenty thousand men. The occasion was this: Grey Hound, a Kentucky horse, had beaten Double Head, a Tennessee horse, and they were afterwards matched for \$5,000 a side, to be run on the Clover Bottom course. My uncle, Joseph H. Coon, carried me on horseback behind him to see the race. He sat me on the cedar fence and told me remain until he returned. There must have been twenty thousand persons present. I never witnessed such fierce betting between States. Money and negroes were put up. A large pound was filled with negroes and horses wagered on the race. The time had now arrived for the competitors to appear on the track. I heard some loud talking and looked down the track and saw for the first time General Jackson riding slowly on a gray horse, with long pistols held in each hand. I think they were as long as my arm, and had a mouth that a ground squirrel could enter.

In his wake followed my uncle Coon, Stokely Donelson, Patton Anderson, and several others as fierce as bull dogs. As General Jackson led the van and approached the judges' stand he was rapidly talking and gesticulating. As he came by me, he said he had irrefragable proof that this was to be a jockey race; that Grey Hound was seen in the wheat field the night before which disqualified him for the race, and his rider was to receive five hundred dollars to throw it off, and by the eternal God he would shoot the first man who brought his horse upon the track; the people's money should not be stolen from them in this manner. He talked incessantly, while the spittle rolled from his mouth and the fire from his eye.

I have seen bears and wolves put at bay, but he was certainly the most ferocious looking animal I had ever seen. His appearance and manner struck terror to the hearts of twenty thousand people. If they felt as I did, every one expected to be slain. He announced to the parties if they wished some lead in their hides just to bring their horses on the track, for by the eternal he would kill the first man who offered to do so.

There was no response to this challenge, and after waiting some time and they failing to appear, General Jackson said it was a great mistake in the opinion of some that he had acted hastily and without consideration.

He would give the scoundrels a fair trial, and to that end he would constitute a court to investigate this matter, who would hear the proof and do justice to all parties. Thereupon he appointed a sheriff to keep order, and five judges to hear the case. Proclamation was made that the court was open and ready to proceed to business, and for the parties to appear and defend themselves. The court was held in the stable of the hotel, and the witnesses, proving the truth of Grey Hound's rider, who was to receive five hundred dollars to throw off the race, having received two hundred and fifty dollars in advance, and that Grey Hound had been turned into the wheat field the night before. He again called on the parties to appear and contradict this proof should their innocence. They failing to appear General Jackson told the Court that the proof was closed, and for them to render their judgment in the premises, which in a few moments was done in accordance with the facts proved.

I was still on the fence forming one line of the large pound containing the property wagered on the race. Each man was anxious to get back his property. General Jackson waved his hand and announced the decision, and said “Now, gentlemen, go calmly, and in order, each take his own property.” When the word was given, the people came with a rush. It was more terrible than an army with banners. They came bulging against the fence, and in the struggle to get over they knocked it down for hundreds of yards. I was overturned and nearly trampled to death. Each man got his property, and thus the fraudulent race was broken up by an exhibition of the most extraordinary courage. He did that day what it would have required two thousand armed men to have effected. All this was effected by the presence and action of one man, and without the drawing of one drop of blood.

The Extent of the Universe.

Since the beginning of this century, our idea of the Universe has undergone a complete metamorphosis, though but few persons appear to recognize this fact. Less than a century ago the *ancients* who admitted the earth's motion (some still rejected it) pictured to themselves the system of the universe as being bounded by the frontier of Saturn's orbit, at a distance from the central sun equal to 109,000 times the diameter of the earth or about 860,000,000 miles. The stars were fixed, spherically distributed at a distance but a little greater than that of Saturn. Beyond this limit a vacant space was supposed to surround the universe. The discovery of Uranus, in 1783 did away at once with this belt, consisting of Saturn's orbit, and the frontier of solar domination was pushed out to a distance of 1,900,000,000 miles from the centre of the system—that is to say, beyond the space which was vaguely supposed to be occupied by the stars. The discovery of Neptune, in 1846, again removed these limits to a distance that would have appalled our fathers, the orbit described by this planet being 2,862,000,000 miles from the sun.

But the attractive force of the sun extends further still. Beyond the orbit of Uranus, beyond the dark route slowly traversed by Neptune, the frigid wastes of space are travelled over by the comets in their erratic courses. Of these, some being controlled by the sun do not leap from system to system but move in closed curves, though at distances far greater than those of Uranus and Neptune. Thus Halley's comet recedes to a distance of over 3,200,000,000 miles from the sun; the comet of 1811, 36,000,000,000; and that of 1860, 75,000,000,000. The period of the last named comet is 8,800 years.

There are three things in the world that know no kind of restraint, and are governed by no laws, but merely by passions and brutality—civil wars, family quarrels, and religious disputes.

Sumac.

Sumac is largely used in tanning the finer kinds of leather; especially in the manufacture of the hard grain morocco and similar goods. It is also employed as the base of many colors in calico and delaine printing. Probably the consumption of this article throughout the country, for all purposes, aggregates more than 20,000 tons, of which about two-thirds are imported from Sicily, not because just as good sumac cannot be had in this country, but because, until a few years ago, our people did not know its value, or in what way to prepare it for market. The sumac of Virginia, Maryland and Tennessee in particular is said to be the best in the world, and even its worst varieties have been pronounced by experts to be better than any imported from Sicily.

Almost every farmer has a clump of these bushes. They are called by some “shoemaker,” by others “red shoemaker.” Probably many farmers may have tried to kill them by cutting them down. If they have, they know how difficult a task it is. It grows like *asparagus*, all the better for being cut; and when once started upon a lot and cut close once a year, it is as easy to cut as foddor.

The only trouble is in curing it properly. This must be done with all the care that is given to tobacco or hops. Exposure, after cutting, to a heavy dew injures it, and a rain storm detracts materially from its value. It is cut when in full leaf; and when properly dried is ground leaves and sticks together.

An acre in full bearing will produce not less than three tons; and when fit for market is worth from eighty to one hundred dollars per ton. The “manufacturers,” as the curers are called, pay about one cent per pound for it in a green state.

A sumac mill costs about \$3,000. The Commissioner of Agriculture gave an outline of a mill in his report for 1869. If thirty farmers would unite in an effort to establish a mill, each planting out a few acres, says the *Ohio Farmer*, we have no doubt that the enterprise would prove far more remunerative than either corn or wheat, and be the means of inaugurating a new enterprise in their State. There is no danger of an overstock. The demand is daily increasing, for hemlock is growing scarce, and every day new tanneries and dye-houses are going into operation.—*Scientific American.*

VALUE OF POULTRY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Poultry raising is one of the industries of the nation, quite as much as sheep, dairy or cattle husbandry. Profit is the object in view in each, and in poultry it will arise from three sources—eggs, feathers and stock fattened for market. The demand for barn-door fowls is increasing; their sales, therefore, may be safely calculated upon. I do not find either in the United States, or any State census, except in that of the State of New York, an enumeration in regard to poultry, the statistics which I have will be corrected in the next national census.

The census in New York gives data whereby we may approximate the magnitude of the poultry industry for the nation. In the State census the value of poultry sold for 1864 was \$1,228,044, and value of eggs for 1864 was \$1,903,010, total value of poultry sold, \$2,531,054. This amount it will be noted, is only for a single State. The number of farms by the United States census was 210,233, which would allow as the yearly value of poultry for each farm about \$12 00. The number of farms in the United States is put down at 2,659,985. Taking the data furnished by the New York census, and the poultry interest of the nation exceeds in annual value \$31,000,000. If to this be added the sum of \$5 for the value of family consumption, the annual value of the poultry interest is over \$32,000,000.

SUICIDE AND LIFE INSURANCE.—An important life insurance case, in which suicide was pleaded in bar of payment, was decided a short time since in the United States Circuit Court at Canandaigua, New York. The life policy provided that if the person insured should die by his own hand the company should not be held responsible. The insured committed suicide, and the judge in charging the jury instructed them that if the deceased at the time of killing himself was so far mentally unsound that he could not appreciate the character of the act of self-destruction; or, if not so far mentally unsound as this—if, at the time of taking his life, “he was acting under an insane impulse,” which urged him to self-destruction and coerced his judgment to such an extent that he could not resist, although he realized both the moral and physical character of the act; if either of these conditions were found to exist, then it was not in law a death by his own hand within the meaning of the policy—and his heirs could recover the insurance. Under this charge the jury found a verdict against the company for the full amount of the policy.

LOCUSTS IN CHINA.—In China, where locusts are wont to ravage the country, the authorities whether civil or military, are held responsible for the stamping out of these insects as soon as their appearance has been reported. They are required to summon a large body of men, and at once surround and destroy the locusts; the expense of the maintenance of the men and compensation for the crops trodden down during the chase being supplied by the Provincial Treasury. Should the authorities succeed in stamping out the locusts within a limited time their services are favorably reported to the emperor; but should they fail, and the locusts spread and do damage, they are liable to be deprived of their posts, arrested, and handed over to the proper board for punishment. A certain sum per bushel is paid to the peasants bringing in unwinged locusts, and half that sum when the locusts are able to fly, while compensation is given for crops trodden down in the trenches dug at the sides of the corn field, in which a vigorous fire is kept up.

The Cambria (Pa.) steel works turned out two hundred and eleven tons of steel in one week recently, being two thousand and twenty-seven tons of ingot. This is in excess of the Troy works, which has, until now, bent the world.

